

The Land of the Blue Door

THIS is to be an account of a journey to a fiesta. Normally, Americans when they hold a fair celebrate their achievement in exhibiting things to eat, big bulls, glasses of jelly, fat hogs, tall corn, great pumpkins and sometimes things to wear, like patchwork quilts and point lace.

But down in the Southwest is another civilization. The capital of that empire, the Indian, the Spaniard and the Mexican, is Santa Fe, a town of less than 10,000 people. Even the Chamber of Commerce in Santa Fe advertises the town as the "city that is different." There is no ambition in this country to make a city like every other American city, with factory smoke and bungalows and green lawns and tall buildings. The thing Santa Fe is trying to do is make a town that will emphasize its environment. Hence the handsome buildings on the public square, the postoffice, the leading garage, the new sanatorium, the state museum and the show places out in the residential part of the town are done in the adobe style of architecture. The adobe style of architecture has thick walls, a curving roof line, reminding one of the soft lines of the hills.

ITS limitation is three stories, with its best conformity restricted to three stories. Inside the adobe house is American enough. It might be easily enough a copy of any American store or an Elm Street home beyond the portals. Indeed, there are cynics in the Southwest who jeer that modern plumbing, electric lights, phonographs, radio sets, box-spring beds and all of the things advertised in the magazines make the adobe walls of the new Mexican houses mere whitened sepulchres. But the scoffers are wrong. The furniture and fixtures of these new Mexican houses do not change the character of the people who use these things. Santa Fe is a "city that is different" because New Mexico, southwestern Colorado and northwestern Arizona, an empire larger than Western Europe, is a land that is different.

It is the land of the blue door. The blue door is found on the home of what we New Englanders call "an alien people." The blue door marks the home of the man who has adopted majority rule, the jury system, equal rights for all, and the philosophy of the hustler, with reservations. Behind the blue door there is some respect for these things perhaps, but no great admiration—the blue door behind which live the Spaniard, the Mexican and sometimes the Indian, or the white man who has learned to understand the ways of the Latin people and to value the good in them. Behind the blue door is the dead line across which the Puritan civilization of our forefathers does not step.

SO, WHEN the people in the land of the blue door hold a fair, one need not expect blue

ribboned bulls and jelly glasses as forms of art. The Santa Fe fiesta was a flash of gorgeous, barbaric color from the lives of the people to whom color represents emotion and for whom emotion is a large part of life. The Indian, the Spaniard and the Mexican are in a majority. Occasionally, in their fiesta, the New Englander stuck an obtrusive toe, as for instance when Mr. Fall, the Secretary of the Interior, offered a huge ugly trophy cup to the Indians for some artistic achievement, or when the chamber of commerce made up a money purse to spur the Indians in competitive spectacles. But, on the whole, it might be called a most un-American show despite the fact that the participants and most of those who enjoyed it either were of aboriginal blood or of the blood of the first white conquerors of the New World.

That blood of the conquerors governs the land of the blue door to-day. The ballot box, the American judicial system, the Puritan invaders, have not unseated the dominion of the Spanish. The old Spanish families still have the power of life and death in New Mexican politics and social activities. In New England the old families have surrendered to the Irish, who in turn are threatened by the Italian and the French. But in New Mexico an Otero or a Chavice is still somebody. So the Santa Fe fiesta was dominated by the Spanish and the Indians. The Mexican, who likes to be called a native, did not have a look-in, and all the paleface from our Middle West had to do with the big show was to pay for it. He and the Mexican were outsiders.

FIRST of all, the fiesta was three days of song and dance. The singing and dancing, whether done by the scions of the old Spanish families or by the Indians, was accompanied by great splashes of splendid color, and the singing was almost pure rhythm. Hour after hour sixteen hundred spectators sat in the improvised amphitheater back of the old adobe palace of the ancient governors and drank in this flood of color and form and motion. For three days it lasted. Perhaps never before since the white man took over the continent has there been another three-day show such as this, so much singing and dancing amid such a kaleidoscope of raw color. It was beautiful, but it could not be duplicated in any other city in America. No other community could imitate it. Imagine the Elks or Rotarians, or even the Masons, who are fairly proficient in rooster feathers, purple velvet and spangles, stripping down to their running trunks, painting their bodies blue or lemon colored or red or dead black, wearing long festoons of turkey feathers and carrying jangling sleigh bells or rattling gourds, dancing a half hour at a stretch and chanting words perhaps as foolish as "Peggy O'Neil."

The white man has no talent for becoming an Indian, and the Pueblo Indians would make a sad spectacle sitting around a luncheon table with the Rotarians or Kiwanis in two-piece ready-made suits, beating upon the table with drumsticks, chanting their archaic tribal hymns. It is just as hard and twice as wicked to try to make a white man out of an Indian as it is to make an Indian out of a white man.

MARTY'S VIEWS ON GLIDERS

By ROBERT B. PECK

THEM German lads cert'n'y done the trick wit' their gliders," remarked Marty McMahon, the retired bartender, "but not any glidin' fer me. I want the best engine I can find an' lotsa gas when I go flyin', and then I want 'em to keep right over the life net."

"This climbin' around on air currents might be all right fer them that's light, but I'd sooner figure there was three-four hundred horsepower keepin' me up, whether the wind was blowin' up or down. You might start out fine on a wind goin' straight up, but you wouldn't know you was slidin' off until you was off, an' what hev you got to hang on to in a column of air, I'd like to know?"

"It looks to me like if you was off it you was off it, an' that was all there was to it. You wouldn't have no time to fool around huntin' fer another, and there wouldn't be no life preservers under the seat, neither."

"That's why I say you gotta hand it to them German lads wit' the gliders. They got their nerve, even, if like they say, they was doin' their sailin' in a place where the wind blows straight up all the time. Anybody that scales himself through the air, like a boy does a flat stone an' goes up a thousand or twelve hundred feet without no engine an' stays up a couple hours or so, he's got his nerve."

"It looks like maybe there might be somethin' in that dope about their pickin' about the best place in the world fer tryin' it. I see companies in France an' other places wanted 'em to come there an' offered 'em big money too 'an they wouldn't do it."

"Big money in dollars or shillings, or even in francs, must look extra big to them fellas in Germany, bein' students an' all, an' rag pickers bein' the only ones that find steady value in German money, so there must be some good reason why they turned them offers down."

"It ain't just patriotism, like what they tried to make out it was, because there couldn't be nothin' more patriotic than goin' to France an' puttin' it all over the French lads in their own home."

"The way I dope it out, either they're after bigger money still, or else they're afraid they wouldn't do so well some place else an' want to practice up some more before goin' away from home. There ain't nothin' in their discredit in either reason, so far's I can see."

"If they can get more money, they're entitled to it, bein' as they're the only ones in the world that has showed up so far that can earn it that way. An' if they figure they ain't ready to go soarin' around yet without pickin' their ground, why it looks like they was entitled to pick their ground, bein' as it's their necks they're riskin'."

"The main thing is that they stayed up hours when the other fellas stayed up minutes an' how they done it an' whether they could do it somewhere else don't cut much ice. They done it an' they're entitled to the credit an' bein' Germans, there ain't no doubt but what they'll get it if they have to take it by main force."

"AS I SEE IT"

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



And that statement leads us squarely up to one of the major problems of this whole Southwest, where the Indian and his cousin, the Mexican, make a majority of the population and are dominated largely by the Spaniard. What are we going to do with the noble red man of the forest and his native cousin who is also cousin to the proud Castilian? Are they to be white men and function as part of our political, social and economic system, or are they to remain a sepa-

rate, peculiar and more or less dependent people set in our land but not a part of it?

OF COURSE, there are two opinions about the matter out here in the Southwest. One is that the Indian of the desert is to remain an Indian; the other is that he is to become a Mason or a Knight of Columbus, as the case may be, get a high school education, be good at the bank on a ninety-day note, pull off his feathers and serve in the cham-

ber of commerce as soon as he can get an automobile. The fiesta was arranged by those who believed that the old civilizations of the desert, Spanish, native and Indian, should survive. The idea back of the fiesta was that the customs of the older people were worth preserving. The

fiesta must have put self-respect into the Indian. He heard his neighbor applauding his dances and the songs of his pueblo. He saw men and women who came many hundreds of miles to view the fiesta astonished with the poetic beauty of the Indian ceremonies. The Indian at the fiesta was proud to be an Indian. Similarly, the dramatic pieces set for the fiesta and written for the occasion, put much emphasis upon the strong qualities of all the participants in the rise of civilization in the Southwest. The parades, pageants and dramatic pieces were designed to exalt the noble qualities of the Spaniard, the native and the Indian. The Yankee conqueror, who paid his good money to promote the show, had the taste to keep his own notion of what makes a people great always out of the picture. It was a spectacle that should have given the average flag-waver of the Middle West a jumping toothache.

BUT one must not be deceived; the fiesta was not without its critics. These came from two sources. First from the 100 per cent Americans, who believe that this whole business of exalting the savage nonsense of the Indian is silly and who feel that the sooner the Spanish and native Mexicans quit standing up in public places when the Spanish national air is played the better it will be for the Constitution and the flag. These critics believe that the most encouraging sign of progress is the growing percentage of red-headed Mexicans.

These critics are poles apart from the other critics of the show. These others are the artists. In New Mexico there are something like two hundred American artists. A colony is established in Santa Fe, another in Taos and smaller colonies in the pueblos of northern New Mexico and Arizona. These artists are a sad trial to the devotees of the Main Street idea. The artists — painters, poets, potters, sculptors, singers, story writers and sometimes gay dabbles in various arts—come sauntering into decent society, the women's clubs and men's civic organizations in negligee clothes. Sometimes these artists wear the ten-gallon hats and purple ties of the natives or the silver belts and buckles of the Indians or the gaudy colors of the Spaniards. The commercial nobility feels that these artists have no respect for money and place and power. It is a fearful pest to be inflicted upon a God-fearing community to have a lot of care-free artists turned loose upon it. Imagine what would happen in any American town steeped in its own respectability if suddenly out of the sky a cloud of light-hearted people dropped who were more impressed with the clear air, the blue dome above the beautiful horizon and the joy of color and form in the landscape than with boosting the burg.

WELL, this awful thing has happened to a number of towns in the Southwest, notably to Santa Fe. So the artists criticize the fiesta as bitterly as the standpatters of Ameri-

canism. The artists say that the fiesta is commercializing the religion of the Indian. The religion of the Indian is the most serious thing in his life. In his religion he has symbolized his contacts with nature. He has found many things which he cannot understand; many forces which baffle him. These forces he puts in a job lot which is his God. His God holds him in spite of the white man's religion. The Indian of the pueblo regards the Christian religion as another medicine, as insurance which he can well afford to take. He has his Christian name and his Indian name; his Christian faith and his pueblo faith; his Indian Great Spirit and his Christian God. All very much as certain public service corporations keep two sets of books, one for the owners and one for a watchful government.

The artists know about the Indian's religion and respect it. The artists know how deeply the Indians feel about their ceremonies, and what the artists object to in the fiesta is that the white man is corrupting the Indian by tempting him with prize money to make a show of sacred things. Next year the artists will offer a prize for the best Christian ceremonial to be given on the stage; letting the Catholics produce a mass, the Baptists a baptism, the Methodists a revival, the Episcopalians a communion and the Presbyterians a funeral. The artists feel that for the denominations to make a public spectacle of their most sacred rites will be exactly like making various Indian tribes parade their mysteries for money. The simple people of Main Street say that the artists are sacrilegious, and what the artists say about the simple people of Main Street needs editing.

BUT the artists also have their parties and schisms; one group believes that these sacred Indian dances should be preserved as art forms, and that makes the heathen of the booster clubs rage worse even than the critics who complain at violating the Indian religion by commercializing it.

"Art forms indeed!" cry the heathen. "This howling and hopping up and down—this awful painting, and this idiotic drum thumping, do you call that art? Well, then, what do you call 'Breaking Home Ties' and 'Pharaoh's Horses' and 'Washington Crossing the Delaware'?" This art business is too much for me."

So the booster turns away sadly, puzzled by the whole complicated business of art.

But this fiesta out in the land of the blue door did assemble a thousand or two people who reveled in the joy of the spectacle. Perhaps they should have been saddened by the commercialization of a sacred ceremony and perhaps they should have seen only art forms, the singing and dancing. But of this they are sure: It was wild and beautiful and original, and in the end it left a self-respect in the land where it appeared, which, after all, is the chief end of any art or any creator or any honest endeavor of aspiring man.

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LONG DISTANCE MATRIMONY

(Continued from page seven)

two of the most gorgeously funny days of their respective careers, it might work some excellent results. That the effort was well meant and honest even the most ribald of the newspaper men who laughed themselves sick at the Hammonton sessions would not doubt; and it was simplicity itself.

It amounted simply to putting two apparently respectable people in communication with each other. An applicant was required to fill out a fairly comprehensive questionnaire, one of the requirements of which was the names of two sound references, one of them a clergyman. Where it appeared that two persons were suited in age, temperament and tastes to each other, their names and addresses were sent out. Both applicants could investigate at their leisure, and then if satisfied, the correspondence which might or might not lead them to the altar was due to begin.

In the minds of people who have not endured loneliness, who are confident and not shy, bold and not timid, who know what they want and where to get it, there is something irresistibly funny in the bare mention of such a scheme, even as a chorus girl laughs when a less sophisticated maiden blushes; but the fact remains that there are in this country hundreds of individuals who are too shy, or too lacking in initiative, or too something else, to go out and hustle a life partner for themselves, yet who feel keenly the poignant pangs of loneliness and the desire for intimate, understanding companionship. There is a real pathos in such cases.

Surely, in a complete civilization, there might be some branch of the complex social system which would make it possible for people to live normal lives without loneliness. For the young folks, it is a far simpler matter. Office friendships, social clubs, dances, outings, associations, all these offer channels of communication for the younger set. It is the middle-aged man and woman who feel the sting. For the youngsters there are Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. H. A.'s, Y. W. H. A.'s, and what not, but who ever heard of a Middle-Aged Widowers' Christian or Hebrew Association?

The professional fee-charging matrimonial agency has been driven underground by law as making more trouble than it is worth. Correspondence clubs are in existence doing a similar work with similarly unpleasant results in too many cases. The trouble with such agencies is a complete lack of sympathetic altruism. A fee was asked, but no pointed questions. On the other hand, Editor Delker's entirely altruistic effort lacked backing of sufficient intelligence to make it a really worth-while antidote. It is rather too much to expect that a country editor and a cigar store proprietor can successfully link up thousands of lives to the banishment of that lonely feeling.

It looks like something the government will have to do, unless Sears-Roebuck will take the matter up in their mail-order catalogues.

THE SCHOOL OF AUCTION BRIDGE

By R. F. FOSTER

SOME years ago, especially among the old whist players, there was a great outcry against what are called "interior leads"—that is, cards which are neither one of those conventionally led from top honors, nor fourth bests. The argument against them was that they were most confusing to the partner.

That objection still holds good, but in spite of it there are a number of interior leads now in common use at auction which have been found good enough to compensate for any temporary misunderstanding on the partner's part. They are trick winners on their merits, and the failure of the partner to understand them is unimportant.

For example, when the opening lead is the queen of a suit it is supposed to deny any higher card, so that if the declarer wins it with the king he is also marked with the ace. That is the partner's view of it. But the queen often is led from ace, queen, jack and others, against a no-trumper, when there is no re-entry in the hand in another suit. Whether the partner thinks the declarer has the ace or not, it is his duty to return the suit, which at least clears it.

The same is true of the lead of a jack. This is supposed to be from one of two things—the top of nothing, a suit jack high or king, jack, ten. But against a no-trumper the jack often is led from ace, jack, ten, when there is no re-entry. The partner may be mistaken about the lead, but it is his duty to go on with the suit, unless he has something much better of his own.

These leads are made for the purpose of holding up the only possible winning card in the hand, so as to have a chance to make the

Many persons will not lead a fourth best against a shrewd declarer. They will mix it up with second or third best or the lowest of five.

But there are other interior leads which lately have come prominently into notice as valuable in protecting a suit, even at the risk of deceiving the partner. He may be misled as to the leader's holding, but he is at least prevented from throwing away any tricks.

One of these interior leads is that of the ten from king, ten, nine, or queen, ten, nine and others. Its usefulness comes into play only when there is some card in dummy that can be killed if the third hand has anything. This, of course, requires the third hand to use his head. Take this case:

Z dealt and bid no trump, which all pass. At every table at which A led a small diamond Z won the game, as B had to put up his king to beat dummy's six. The result is that Z makes three or four odd by running off his five clubs, discarding two spades from dummy.

With the diamonds still stopped, he leads the heart. If the diamonds are continued, dummy makes the jack and takes his two spade tricks. But if A has discarded a heart and a spade, if B wins the heart, he may lead a spade, so as not to set up the diamond. In that case Z will make a heart trick.

The players who were familiar with the Knickerbocker idea of leading the interior card, the ten, saved the game on this hand. It is useless for dummy to play the jack, no matter who has the queen. It also is manifestly useless for B to put on the king third hand. If he misunderstands the lead and thinks the ten is the top of nothing he must place both ace and queen with the declarer, and to play the king is to throw it away.

The moment the ace wins the trick the nature of the lead is apparent, as the declarer cannot have held the queen. Now the five clubs and two spades are all Z can make, and if he does not make them at once he will lose four diamonds and two hearts.

Refusing to win the first trick, so as to block the diamond, makes no difference. A continues with the nine and B gives up the king to unblock, as Z cannot possibly hold ace and queen. Even if B fails to unblock, A can get in on the second heart after B had made his two kings.

This is the solution of Problem No. 123, in

which there are no trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win five tricks.

If Z can establish a diamond and re-enter with a club the problem is solved. To accomplish this he leads a small diamond and B wins it. If B returns a spade Z ducks it and Y wins with the ace, A holding the king. Another diamond allows Z to lead a third round and clear the suit.

If B leads the spade A's king wins, but that is all, the two aces and the long diamond must make. If B leads the club, instead of another spade, Z is in immediately. If B leads a club in the first place, instead of a spade, so as to kill Z's re-entry before he gets the diamonds cleared, Z chucks the play for the diamonds and leads a heart after making his ace.

Y wins the heart with the ace and comes right back with it, Z discarding a diamond. Now A can make his club and lose two spades or lose the spades and let B make a diamond.

If B leads the six of clubs for the second trick, keeping the nine, A must give up the king. Z keeps his diamonds and leads a heart. When Y wins the heart trick B discards a spade. When the heart is returned, if B lets go the club, he must discard on his partner's club seven. If he keeps the club he must unguard the diamonds. He sheds another spade. Now if A leads the diamond, Z wins and returns spade queen, making a trick with the six. This variation is very clever.

Queries and Answers

AUCTION BRIDGE

Question—The dealer bids no-trump. Second hand holds king queen jack ten eight of spades, four diamonds to the ace, four hearts to the six and no clubs. He bids two spades and is doubled and set. Had he said nothing he would have saved the game. His defense is that he had 72 in honors. Is this correct?—H. E. B.

Answer—There was no 72 in honors until the final bid. Had the declarer or his partner been able to shift to another suit spades would not have been trumps. Many good players will overcall a no-trumper on the right with a strong major suit who will not do so with anything else.

Question—The dealer bids two no-trumps originally on ace and one heart, king and one diamond, three small spades and six clubs to

the ace king queen. He insists this is the correct call, the object being to shut out the spades.—G. L. P.

Answer—That is an English idea, advocated by Bergholt and other British writers. In America the opening bid would be either one no-trump only or a club, and wait to see what happened. Some players would pass, to locate the suits other than clubs.

Question—We have had considerable discussion as to the dealer's declaration on these cards, no score: Four hearts to the ace king jack; four spades to the ace king, three small clubs and two small diamonds A bets it is a pass.—S. B.

Answer—This is a very good heart bid, with a possibility of denial by partner prompting a shift to spades. Many would begin with the spade bid, the higher ranking suit, trusting the partner to deny spades if short in them.

Question—Is this an initial bid by the dealer: Ace king to three spades; five hearts to ten; king ten of diamonds; and three small clubs?—R. H. B.

Answer—No; the spades are not long enough and the hearts are not strong enough.

Question—Dealer bids a spade. Third hand holds ace and two small; six clubs to the king queen, two rags in the red suits. Should he call the clubs, or conceal his strength by keeping quiet until the second round?—F. J. T.

Answer—To call the clubs would be to deny any support for the spades. The strength is nothing unusual; in fact, only the tricks the dealer has a right to expect.

BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 124

Y 5
6
7 5
8
Z 10 9 6 4
K Q
—
—

X 10 9 8 4
J 9
Q

Y 10 8 4
J 9
Q

X 10 8 4
J 9
Q

Y 10 8 4
J 9
Q

X 10 8 4
J 9
Q

There are no trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want five tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.